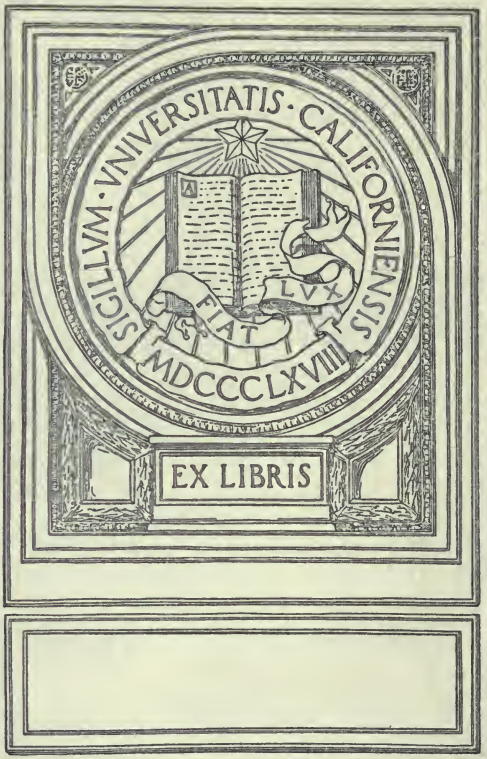
PQ
2275
H7M62

UC-NRLF
$B 388 926

Herrieu

PQ 2275 H7M62


SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
LVX
FIAT
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

Modesty: a Comedy in One Act: by Paul Hervieu: Translated by Barrett H. Clark

Samuel French: Publisher
28-30 West Thirty-eighth St.: New York

LONDON
Samuel French, Ltd.
26 Southampton Street, Strand

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/modestycomedyino00hervrich

THE WORLD'S BEST PLAYS

BY CELEBRATED EUROPEAN AUTHORS

BARRETT H. CLARK

GENERAL EDITOR

Modesty: a Comedy in One Act: by Paul Hervieu: Translated by Barrett H. Clark

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Samuel French: Publisher
28-30 West Thirty-eighth St.: New York

LONDON
Samuel French, Ltd.
26 Southampton Street, Strand

EC1915a

PQ2275
H7M6

COPYRIGHT 1915,
BY SAMUEL FRENCH

PAUL HERVIEU

Paul Hervieu (born in 1857 at Neuilly-on-the-Seine) is one of the greatest of contemporary French dramatists. His plays—"The Labyrinth," "The Passing of the Torch" and "In Chains" are among the best—are thesis plays of the most pronounced type, aimed for the most part against legal and social abuses. Hervieu is noted for his reticent and sober treatment of tragedy, but his little one-act play, "Modesty", proves that he has a delicate sense of humor and the ability to satirize in a light and graceful way some of the weaker elements of human nature.

This little play contains no difficulties as to staging, costuming, or stage business.

M203377

MODESTY

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

JACQUES
ALBERT
HENRIETTE

SCENE: *The parlor in* HENRIETTE'S *apartment, Paris.*

TIME: *The present.*

Gift of Mrs. De Forest H. Podeca

MODESTY

SCENE: *A parlor. Entrance center; sofa, chairs, writing-desk.* JACQUES *and* HENRIETTE *come in, center, as from dinner,* HENRIETTE *in a sort of ball costume,* JACQUES *in evening dress. They come down-stage.*

HENRIETTE. Is what you have to tell me so terribly embarrassing?

JACQUES. You can easily guess what it is.

HENRIETTE. Not at all! You're so long about it you make me weary; come to the point.

JACQUES. Very well. I'll risk all at a stroke! My dear Henriette, we are cousins. I am unmarried, you are a widow. Will you—will you be my wife?

HENRIETTE. Oh, my dear Jacques, what *are* you thinking of? We were such good friends! And now you're going to be angry with me.

JACQUES. Why?

HENRIETTE. Because I'm not going to give you the answer you'd like.

JACQUES. You don't—you don't think I'd make a good husband?

HENRIETTE. Frankly, no.

JACQUES. I don't please you?

HENRIETTE. As a cousin you are charming; as a husband you would be quite impossible.

JACQUES. What have you against me?

HENRIETTE. Nothing for which you're to blame. It is solely the fault of my character; *that* forces me to refuse you.

JACQUES. And yet I can't see why you——?

HENRIETTE. (*With an air of great importance*) A great change is taking place in the hearts of women. We have resolved henceforward not to be treated as dolls, but as creatures of reason. As for me, I am most unfortunate, for nobody ever did anything but flatter me. I have always been too self-satisfied, too——

JACQUES. You have always been the most charming of women, the most——

HENRIETTE. Stop! It's exactly that sort of exaggeration that has begun to make me so certain of myself. I want you to understand once for all, Jacques: I have a conscience, and it is beginning to develop. I have taken important resolutions.

JACQUES. What *do* you mean?

HENRIETTE. I have resolved to better myself, to raise my moral and intellectual standard, and to do that I need to be guided, criticised——

JACQUES. But you already possess every imaginable good quality: you are charitable, elegant, refined——

HENRIETTE. (*Slightly annoyed*) Please! (*Turns away and sits down on the settee.* JACQUES *addresses her from behind the chair*)

JACQUES. You are spirituelle, discreet, witty——

HENRIETTE. The same old words! Everybody tells me that. I want to be preached to, contradicted, scolded!

JACQUES. You could never stand *that.*

HENRIETTE. Yes, I could. I should be only too happy to profit by the criticism. It would inspire me.

JACQUES. I'd like to see a man with the audacity to criticise you to your face!

HENRIETTE. That is enough! I trust you are aware that *you* are not the person to exercise this commanding influence?

JACQUES. How could I? Everything about you pleases me. It can never be otherwise.

HENRIETTE. How interesting! That's the very reason I rejected your proposal at once. I shan't marry until I am certain that I shall not be continually pestered with compliments and flattery and submission. The man who marries me shall make it his business to remind me of my shortcomings, and correct all my mistakes. He must give me the assurance that I am bettering myself.

JACQUES. And this—husband—you've found him already, have you?

HENRIETTE. What? Oh, who knows?

JACQUES. Perhaps it's—Albert?

HENRIETTE. Perhaps it is. What of it?

JACQUES. Really!

HENRIETTE. You want me to speak quite openly?

JACQUES. Of course.

HENRIETTE. Then—you wouldn't be offended if I said something nice about Albert?

(JACQUES *brings the chair which is by the desk, down center, facing* HENRIETTE.)

JACQUES. Why, he's my friend!

HENRIETTE. Do you like him?

JACQUES. Certainly.

HENRIETTE. Well, what would you say of him?

JACQUES. (*Trying to be fair*) I'd trust him with money. I've never heard he was a thief.

HENRIETTE. But in other respects?

JACQUES. (*Still conscientious*) I believe him to be a man somewhat—somewhat——

HENRIETTE. Wilful? Headstrong?

JACQUES. Um—uncultured, let us say.

HENRIETTE. As you like—but for my part, I find his frankness inspires absolute confidence. He knows how to be severe at times——

JACQUES. You're mistaken about that; that's only simple brute force. Go to the *Jardin des Plantes:* the ostrich, the boa constrictor, the rhinoceros, all produce the same effect on you as your Albert——

HENRIETTE. My Albert? My Albert? Oh, I don't appropriate him so quickly as all that. His qualifications as censor are not yet entirely evident to me.

(JACQUES *rises and approaches* HENRIETTE, *who maintains an air of cold dignity.*)

JACQUES. For Heaven's sake, Henriette, stop this nonsense!

HENRIETTE. What nonsense?

JACQUES. Tell me you are only playing with me, that you only wanted to put my love to the test! To make me jealous! To torture me! You have succeeded. Stop it, for Heaven's sake!

HENRIETTE. My dear friend, I am sorry for you. I really wish I could help you, but I cannot. I have given you a perfect description of the husband I should choose, and I am heart-broken that you bear so distant a resemblance to him.

JACQUES. Only promise me that you will think over your decision.

HENRIETTE. It is better to stop at once.

JACQUES. Don't send me away. Don't leave me!

HENRIETTE. If I didn't, I might give you false hopes. I have only to tell you that I shall never consent to be the wife of a man who cannot be the severest of censors.

JACQUES. (*Kneeling*) I beg you!

HENRIETTE. No, no, no, Jacques! Spare me

that. (*A telephone rings in the next room*) There's the 'phone!

JACQUES. Don't go!

(HENRIETTE *rises hastily and goes to door.* JACQUES *tries to stop her.*)

HENRIETTE. I must. Go away, I tell you. I'll be angry if I find you here when I return.

JACQUES. Henriette!

HENRIETTE. (*Coming down left to table*) Not now! Please, Jacques. (*She goes out*)

JACQUES. No, I can't leave it that way. I am the husband to make her happy. But how? That is the question. (*A pause*) Ah, Albert!

(*Enter* ALBERT. *He shakes hands with* JACQUES.)

ALBERT. How are you, rival?

JACQUES. (*Gravely*) My friend, we are no longer rivals.

ALBERT. How's that?

JACQUES. I have just had a talk with Henriette; she won't marry either one of us, that's clear.

ALBERT. Did she mention me?

JACQUES. Casually.

(*Both sit down,* ALBERT *on the sofa,* JACQUES *on a chair near it.*)

ALBERT. What did she say?

JACQUES. Oh, I wouldn't repeat it; it wouldn't be friendly.

ALBERT. I *must* know.

JACQUES. Very well, then: she said that you had not succeeded—nor I—in finding the way to her heart. Between you and me, we have a high-minded woman to deal with, a philosopher who detests

flattery. It seems you have been in the habit of paying her compliments?

ALBERT. I? I never make compliments.

JACQUES. Whatever you did, she didn't like it. Moreover—since you want the whole truth—you seem to her a bit—ridiculous.

ALBERT. I beg your pardon?

JACQUES. The very word she used: ridiculous. She wants a husband who will act as a sort of conscience-pilot. Evidently, you haven't appealed to her in that capacity.

ALBERT. But sometimes I used to be rather sharp with her——

JACQUES. You did it too daintily, perhaps; you must have lacked severity. I'll wager you smiled, instead of scowled—that would have been fatal!

ALBERT. I don't understand?

JACQUES. Don't you see? Henriette is a singular woman; to get her, you must tell her that you don't like her—her pride demands it! Tell her all her bad qualities, right out.

ALBERT. (*Feeling himself equal to the task*) Don't worry about that! (*Rises and walks about*) I know women love to be told things straight from the shoulder.

JACQUES. I'm not the man for that; neither are you, eh?

ALBERT. No?—Jacques, I'm deeply obliged; you've done me a good turn——

JACQUE. Not another word, Albert——

ALBERT. Would you care to do me one more favor?

JACQUES. (*Devotedly*) Anything you like!

ALBERT. Promise me you'll never let Henriette know that you told me this?

JACQUES. I promise; but why?

ALBERT. You know, she must understand that this is an integral part of my character!

JACQUES. Oh, you're going at it strenuously.

ALBERT. I am.

JACQUES. Good; your decision honors you.

ALBERT. Let's not have Henriette find us together! It might not look well! Would you mind disappearing as soon as possible?

JACQUES. With pleasure! I have an errand to do. I'll look in again and wait for the news

(JACQUES *rises.*)

ALBERT. Thanks, Jacques.

JACQUES. Au revoir, Albert. (*He goes out after shaking hands cordially with* ALBERT)

HENRIETTE. (*Re-entering as* ALBERT *assumes a rather severe attitude*) How are you? (*A pause*) Have you seen Jacques?

ALBERT. (*With a determined air*) No, Henriette, no. Thank God!

HENRIETTE. Why?

ALBERT. Because it pains me to see men in your presence whom you care nothing for.

HENRIETTE. (*Delighted*) You don't like that? (*Sitting down on the sofa*)

ALBERT. No, I don't. And I'd like to tell you——

HENRIETTE. About my relations with Jacques?

ALBERT. Oh, he's not the only one.

HENRIETTE. A great many others, I suppose?

ALBERT. (*Sits on chair near sofa*) You suppose correctly, Madame: a great many.

HENRIETTE. Really?

ALBERT. You are a coquette.

HENRIETTE. You think so?

ALBERT. I am positive.

HENRIETTE. I suppose I displease you in other ways, too?

ALBERT. In a great many other ways.

HENRIETTE. (*Really delighted*) How confidently you say that!

ALBERT. So much the worse if you don't like it!

HENRIETTE. Quite the contrary, my dear Albert; you can't imagine how you please me when you talk like that. It's perfectly adorable.

ALBERT. It makes very little difference to me whether I please you or not. I speak only according to my temperament. Perhaps it is a bit authoritative, but I can't help *that*.

HENRIETTE. Albert, you are superb.

ALBERT. Oh, no: I'm just myself.

HENRIETTE. Oh, Albert, if you——!

ALBERT. I haven't the slightest idea what you were about to say, but I'll guarantee that there's not a more inflexible temper than mine in Paris.

HENRIETTE. I can easily believe it. (*A pause*) Now tell me in what way you think I'm coquettish. (*Sitting on the edge of sofa in an interested attitude.* ALBERT *takes out a cigarette, lights and smokes it*)

ALBERT. That's easy: for instance, when you go to the theater, to a reception, to the races. As soon as you arrive, all the men who know you flock about in dozens; and those who don't know you come to be introduced. You're the talking-stock of society. Now, I should be greatly obliged if you would tell me to what you attribute this notoriety?

HENRIETTE. (*Modestly*) Well, I should attribute it to the fact that I am—agreeable, and pleasant——

ALBERT. There are many women no less agreeable.

HENRIETTE. (*Summing up all her modesty to reply*) You force me to recognize the fact!

ALBERT. And I know many women fully as pleasant as you who don't flaunt themselves about; *they* preserve some semblance of dignity, a certain

air of aloof distinction that it would do you no harm to acquire.

HENRIETTE. (*With a gratitude that is conscious of its bounds*) Thanks, thanks so much. (*Drawing back to a corner of the sofa*) I am deeply obliged to you——

ALBERT. Not at all. (*Aside*) Good!

HENRIETTE. In the future, I shall try to behave more decorously.

ALBERT. Another thing——

HENRIETTE. (*The first signs of impatience begin to appear*) What? Another thing to criticize?

ALBERT. A thousand! (*Settling himself more comfortably in his chair*)

HENRIETTE. Well, hurry!

ALBERT. You really must rid yourself of your excessive and ridiculous school-girl sentimentality.

HENRIETTE. I wonder exactly on what you base your statement? Would you oblige me so far as to explain that?

ALBERT. With pleasure. I remember one day in the country you were in tears because a *poor* little mouse had fallen into the claws of a *wretched* cat; two minutes later, you were sobbing because the *poor* cat choked in swallowing the *wretched* little mouse.

HENRIETTE. That was only my kindness to dumb animals. I never thought it was wrong to be kind to dumb animals! (*She is about to rise, when* ALBERT *stops her with a gesture*)

ALBERT. That would be of little importance, if it weren't that you were of so contradictory a nature that you engage in the emptiest, most frivolous conversations, the most——

HENRIETTE. (*Slightly disdainful*) Ah, you are going too far! You make me question your power of insight. I am interested only in noble and high things——

ALBERT. And yet, as soon as the conversation takes a serious turn, it's appalling to see you: you yawn continually and look bored to extinction.

HENRIETTE There you are right—partly.

ALBERT. You see?

HENRIETTE. (*Sharp and even antagonistic*) Yes, I have the unfortunate ability to understand things before people have finished explaining them: I understand everything too soon. While the others are waiting for the explanation, I can't wait, and I just fly on miles ahead——

ALBERT. Hm—that sounds probable! I shan't say anything more about it just now. But while I'm on the subject, I have more than once noticed that you are guilty of the worst vice woman ever possessed!

HENRIETTE. What, if you please?

ALBERT. Vanity.

HENRIETTE I, vain? Oh, you're going too far!

ALBERT. (*Unruffled*) Not a word! Every time I tell you of a fault, you twist it round to your advantage. Whereas, you are really worse than I have painted you, you are——

HENRIETTE. (*Rising and gathering her skirts about her with virtuous indignation*) You are rude, Monsieur! I suppose you would find fault with me if I considered myself more polite than the person whom I have the honor to address?

ALBERT. I hope, Mademoiselle, you do not intend that remark as personal?

HENRIETTE. I certainly do. (*She crosses to the other side of the stage, and sits down.* ALBERT *rises and goes to her*)

ALBERT. Henriette! No! (*Laughing*) I see!

HENRIETTE. What do you mean?

ALBERT. You can't deceive me by pretending to be angry. You wanted to see whether I could

withstand your temper. Let us now proceed to the next chapter: your manner of dressing.

HENRIETTE. (*Now really outraged*) My manner of dressing? You dare! (HENRIETTE *crosses down-stage left,* ALBERT *following her*)

ALBERT. Yes, that will be enough for to-day——

HENRIETTE. And then you'll begin again to-morrow!

ALBERT. Yes.

HENRIETTE. Do you think for one minute that I'll go on listening to you while you insult me to my face? You are the vain one, to think you can come here and insult a woman! *You* are the frivolous one, *you* are the——

ALBERT. (*Slightly perturbed*) Be careful what you are saying!

HENRIETTE. I'll take care of that. Let me tell you that you are a detestable cynic. You are disgustingly personal; always dwelling on details, on the least——

ALBERT. Which is as much as calling me a blockhead?

HENRIETTE. Just about. You would be completely so, if you didn't read your morning paper regularly; so regularly that I know in advance exactly what you are going to say to me during the day.

ALBERT. Why not call me a parrot?

HENRIETTE. That would compliment you, for you don't speak as well as a parrot: a parrot's memory never gets clouded, a parrot has at least the common politeness to——

ALBERT. (*Between his teeth*) This is going too far! I wonder how you endured me so long if you thought me such a fool!

HENRIETTE. I thought you harmless.

ALBERT. Are you aware that you have wounded me cruelly?

HENRIETTE. *You* have wounded *me*. Thank Heaven, though, we had this discussion! Now I'll know how to conduct myself toward you in the future.

ALBERT. Thank Heaven for the same thing! It was high time, too. I grieve to think that only last night I had fully made up my mind to ask you to be my wife!

HENRIETTE. My dear friend, if you ever do so, I shall show you the door immediately.

(*Enter* JACQUES *hurriedly*. HENRIETTE *runs to him for sympathy.*)

JACQUES. What's all this noise? What's the matter?

HENRIETTE. Oh, Jacques, I'm so glad you've come!

ALBERT. Glad you came when you did; you put an end to our pleasant little tête-à-tête.

JACQUES. But what's happened?

HENRIETTE. Well, Monsieur here——

ALBERT. No, it was Mademoiselle who——

(HENRIETTE *and* ALBERT *each take one of* JACQUES' *arms, and bring him down center. His attention is constantly shifting from one to the other, as they address him in turn.*)

HENRIETTE. Just think, Jacques——

ALBERT. Jacques, she had the audacity to——

HENRIETTE. Stop! I'm going to tell him first!

JACQUES. You're both too excited to explain anything Albert, you take a little stroll and cool off.

ALBERT. (*Retreating toward the door*) Charmed!

HENRIETTE. Then I can draw a free breath.

JACQUES. (*To* ALBERT) I'll arrange things while you're away.

ALBERT. (*To them both*) I won't give in.
HENRIETTE. Neither will I.
JACQUES. Tut, tut!
ALBERT. Good-day, Mademoiselle.
HENRIETTE. Good-day.
JACQUES. Good-day, Albert.

(ALBERT *goes out.*)

HENRIETTE Thank goodness, we're rid of him!
JACQUES. (*Sympathetically*) Tell me all about it.
HENRIETTE. (*Sits down on sofa, inviting* JACQUES *by a gesture to do the same. He sits beside her*) That man invented the most abominable things about me; even criticized me to my face!
JACQUES. He did!
HENRIETTE. It was so ridiculous—it makes me ill to think about it.
JACQUES. My dear Henriette, don't think about it. Albert must have behaved like a brute to make you so angry.
HENRIETTE. Yes, don't you think so? *You* think I'm right?
JACQUES. (*Loyally*) Of course I do.
HENRIETTE. (*At ease once more*) You encourage me, Jacques.
JACQUES. When I saw you were angry, I said to myself at once: "Henriette is right."
HENRIETTE. Really, did you?
JACQUES. I said it because I knew you were by nature peace-loving and considerate——
HENRIETTE. (*With profound conviction*) Well, I think that's the least that can be said of me.
JACQUES. At least, you are always tactful, you always——
HENRIETTE. *You* know me, Jacques!
JACQUES. I flatter myself! I felt instinctively

that you could not be wrong. You have always been so admirably poised, so polite on all occasions.

HENRIETTE. (*With perfect simplicity*) Frankly, now, do I ever lose my temper with you?

JACQUES. (*In good faith*) Never. With me you are always patient, gracious, modest——

HENRIETTE. But I remember, a little while ago, I made you suffer!

JACQUES. Yes, I was unhappy. But now——

HENRIETTE. It was all my fault. You understand me; you are truly a friend.

JACQUES. Nothing more? (*Rising, but standing near her.* HENRIETTE *blushingly looks down at her shoe*)

HENRIETTE. Oh!

JACQUES. Prove to me that you mean that sincerely.

HENRIETTE. What must I do?

JACQUES. Place your future in my hands: marry me.

HENRIETTE. (*With downcast eyes*) I was just thinking about it.

JACQUES. (*About to embrace her*) Ah!

HENRIETTE. Wait! (*Complete metamorphosis. Her joy is still present, but it has taken on a playful, serio-comic aspect. Rises and puts her hand in his*)

JACQUES. Why do you hesitate?

HENRIETTE. Jacques, do you remember what I told you not long ago?

JACQUES. Yes.

HENRIETTE. In spite of that, are you quite sure that I am not vain—and coquettish?

JACQUES. I am certain of it!

HENRIETTE. You are also firmly resolved to be my moral guide, such a guide as I spoke to you about?

JACQUES. (*Bravely*) I am.

HENRIETTE. I make one condition.

JACQUES. Name it.
HENRIETTE. On your word of honor?
JACQUES. On my word of honor.
HENRIETTE. Will you swear to tell me, without reserve, every time you find me at fault? Swear.
JACQUES. I swear.
HENRIETTE. Then you have my promise.
JACQUES. (*As they embrace*) Dearest!

Curtain

THE WORLD'S BEST PLAYS

BY CELEBRATED EUROPEAN AUTHORS

A NEW SERIES OF AMATEUR PLAYS BY THE BEST AUTHORS, ANCIENT AND MODERN, ESPECIALLY TRANSLATED WITH HISTORICAL NOTES, SUGGESTIONS FOR STAGING, Etc., FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS, COLLEGES, AND DRAMATIC CLUBS

BARRETT H. CLARK
General Editor

Author of "The Continental Drama of To-day," "Contemporary French Dramatists," translator and editor of "Three Modern Plays From the French," "Four Plays of the Free Theater," Hervieu's "The Labyrinth," etc., etc.

With the immensely increased demand for new plays for purposes of production by amateurs comes a correspondingly great demand for a careful selection of those plays which can be easily and well presented by clubs and colleges. The plays in the present series have been chosen with regard to their intrinsic value as drama and literature, and at the same time to their adaptability to the needs and limitations of such organizations.

The Series, under the personal supervision of Barrett H. Clark, instructor in the Department of Dramatic Literature at Chautauqua, New York, assistant stage manager and actor with Mrs. Fiske (season 1912-1913), now comprises forty-five volumes. Eventually there will be plays from ancient Greece and Rome, Spain, France, Russia, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries, representative of the best drama of all ages and lands.

Each volume is prefaced by a concise historical note by Mr. Clark, and a few suggestions for staging.

PLAYS NOW READY

The Romancers. A comedy in three acts. By Edmond Rostand. New translation of this celebrated and charming little romantic play by the famous author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "Chantecler." Price 25 cents.

The Merchant Gentleman (Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme). By Moliere. New translation of one of Moliere's comic masterpieces, a play which is well adapted to amateur production. 9 males, 3 females. Price 50 cents.

Pater Noster. A poetic play in one act. By Francois Coppee. 3 males, 3 females. A pathetic incident of the time of the Paris Commune, in 1871. Price 25 cents.

Indian Summer. A comedy in one act. By Meilhac and Halevy. 2 males, 2 females. This little play, by two of the most famous writers of comedy of the last century, has been played at the Comedie Francaise at Paris for upwards of forty years, and is one of the brightest and most popular works of the period. Price 25 cents.

Modesty. By Paul Hervieu. 2 males, 1 female. A delightful trifle by one of the most celebrated of modern dramatists. Price 25 cents.

The Twins. By Plautus. 7 males, 2 females. A Latin farce, upon which Shakespeare founded his Comedy of Errors. Price 25 cents.

The House of Fourchambault. By Emile Augier. 4 males, 4 females. In four acts. One of the greatest of recent French family dramas. Although the play is serious in tone, it contains touches which entitle it to a position among the best comedies of manners of the times. Price 50 cents.

The Doctor in Spite of Himself (Le Medecin malgre lui). By Moliere. 6 males, 3 females. A famous farce by the greatest of French dramatists. Sganarelle has to be beaten before he will acknowledge that he is a doctor, which he is not. He then works apparently miraculous cures. The play is a sharp satire on the medical profession in the 17th Century. Price 25 cents.

Brignol and His Daughter. By Alfred Capus. 5 males, 4 females. In three acts. The first comedy in English of the most sprightly and satirical of present-day French dramatists. Price 50 cents.

Choosing a Career. By G. A. de Caillavet. Written by one of the authors of "Love Watches." A one-act farce of mistaken identity, full of humorous situations and bright lines. Price 25 cents.

French Without a Master. By Tristan Bernard. 5 males, 2 females. A clever one-act farce by one of the most successful of French dramatists. It is concerned with the difficulties of a make-believe interpreter who does not know a word of French. Price 25 cents.

Panurge's Sheep. A comedy in one act. By Meilhac and Halevy. A famous and often-acted little play based upon the obstinacy of a charming woman, who is finally induced to marry. 1 man, 2 women. Price, 25 cents.

The Law-Suit (Der Prozess). A comedy in one act. By Roderich Benedix. A famous comedy by the well-known German dramatist—author of "The Obstinate Family," and "The Third Man." The play is full of amusing situations and bright lines. 5 men. Price 25 cents.

The Third Man. (Der Dritte). A comedy in one act. By Roderich Benedix. A highly amusing little comedy based upon the obstinacy of human beings, and proves the truth of the saying that "love finds a way." 3 women, 1 man. Price 25 cents.

The Sicilian (Le Sicilien). A farce in two acts. By Moliere. One of the lighter comedies of intrigue. This play is laid in Sicily, and has to do with the capture of a beautiful Greek slave from her selfish and tyrannical master. 4 men, 3 women. Price 25 cents.

Doctor Love (L'Amour Medicin). a farce in three acts by Moliere. An uproarious farce, satirizing the medical profession. Through it runs the story of a young girl who pretends to be ill in order that she may marry the man she loves. 5 men, 4 women. Price 25 cents.

The Affected Young Ladies (Les Precieuses ridicules). A comedy in one act by Moliere. The famous satire on intellectual and social affectation. Like most of Moliere's plays, the theme in this is strikingly modern. 3 women, 6 men. Price 25 cents.

Crainquebille. A play in three scenes. By Anatole France. A delightful series of pictures of Parisian street life, by the author of "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife." 12 men, 6 women. Price 25 cents.

Rosalie. By Max Maurey. 1 male, 2 females. A "Grand Guignol" comedy in one act, full of verve and clever dialogue. Rosalie, the stubborn maid, leads her none too amiable master and mistress into uncomfortable complications by refusing to open the front door to a supposed guest of wealth and influence. Price 25 cents.

The Art of Being Bored (Le Monde ou l'on s'ennuie). A comedy in three acts. By Edouard Pailleron. 11 males, 9 females. Probably the best-known and most frequently acted comedy of manners in the realm of nineteenth century French drama. It is replete with wit and comic situations. For nearly forty years it has held the stage, while countless imitators have endeavored to reproduce its freshness and charm. Price 25 cents.

A Marriage Proposal. By Anton Tchekoff. 2 males, 1 female. A comedy in one act, by one of the greatest of modern Russian writers. This little farce is very popular in Russia, and satirizes the people of that country in an amusing manner. Price 25 cents.

The Green Coat. By Alfred de Musset and Emile Augier. 3 males, 1 female. A slight and comic one-act character sketch of the life of Bohemian artists in Paris, written by one of France's greatest poets and one of her best-known dramatists. Price 25 cents.

The Wager. By Giuseppe Giacosa. 4 males, 1 female. This one act poetic comedy, written by the most celebrated dramatist of modern Italy, was the author's first work. It treats of a wager made by a proud young page, who risks his life on the outcome of a game of chess. Price 25 cents.

Phormio. A Latin comedy. By Terence. 11 males, 2 females. An up-to-date version of the famous comedy. One of the masterpieces of Latin drama; the story of a father who returns to find that his son has married a slave girl. Phormio, the parasite-villain who causes the numerous comic complications, succeeds in unraveling the difficulties, and all ends happily. Price 25 cents.

The Little Shepherdess. A poetic comedy in one act. By Andre Rivoire. 1 male, 2 females. A charming pastoral sketch by a well-known French poet and dramatist. Played with success at the Comedie Francaise. Price 25 cents.

The Boor. By Anton Tchekoff. 2 males, 1 female. A well-known one-act farce by the celebrated Russian master; it is concerned with Russian characters, and portrays with masterly skill the comic side of country life. Price 25 cents.

The Black Pearl. By Victorien Sardou. 7 males, 3 females. One of Sardou's most famous comedies of intrigue. In three acts. A house has, it is thought, been robbed. But through skilful investigation it is found that the havoc wrought has been done by lightning. Price 25 cents.

Charming Leandre. By Theodore de Banville. 2 males, 1 female. In one act. The author of "Gringoire" is here seen in a poetic vein, yet the Frenchman's innate sense of humor recalls, in this satirical little play, the genius of Moliere. Price 25 cents.

The Post-Script. By Emile Augier. 1 male, 2 females. Of this one-act comedy Professor Brander Matthews writes: " . . . one of the brightest and most brilliant little one-act comedies in any language, and to be warmly recommended to American readers." Price 25 cents.

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.
RENEWALS ONLY—TEL. NO. 642-3405
This book is due on the last date stamped below, or on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

SEP 17 1969 00

REC'D LD AUG 26 71 -11AM X

LD21A-60m-6,'69
(J9096s10)476-A-32

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

GAYLAMOUNT
PAMPHLET BINDER
Manufactured by
GAYLORD BROS. Inc.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Stockton, Calif.

M203377
PQ 2275
H7M62

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY